

M I P O ~ P R I N T

This week's edition of MiPo~Print offers five poems by five women who, in their words, recall youth, avoid age, and pass on various wisdoms. Interior realms are charted by events around us; the small things of life become profound, and the largest controversies merely small steps towards our understanding of ourselves. I hope you enjoy this poetry of yesterdays, tomorrows, and places in between.

John



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Mia

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I am too old, child,
to take you through the moves.
But I remember them as
easy as this scraggle of gray
blurts out of my head.

The Tutor

~Sheri Kandel

First, walk with one foot directly crossing over the first-
you'll have the shoulders and the hips hollerin'.
Make the gloss so wet that women dream,
and keep your lips open
just wide enough to hold an orange seed.
Pass everyone head high:
the dealers, the freaks, the offerers;
and when you see the one,
do it all towards him-slow now-
and bring it on home.
And one more things, darlin'--
leave after 11:00.
Ain't enough smoke and music
'til then.

Sexy Beast Photo
D. Menendez

Who voted for Mr. Bush?

This is the question I have ladies and gentlemen, foreign emissaries and dignitaries of every stripe and affliction -

Did you? How often and when was the election held? At the state fair I'm told

the judges award blue ribbons
to pigs and cows, the odd little lamb.

There's a pie eating contest as well, but at least that's objective. You can't bribe a pie.

You say: this is old news, and I see your point, speech is irrelevant when God answers

the prayers of a few. I guess that's how we should decide in the future -

each side sacrifices and lets the chips fall divinely. Allah was the first responder

and now Yahweh gets a turn. That keeps it fair I suppose. Jesus Christ must still be waiting

to get in a word. Unless Kali destroys the world which is always a possibility. Faith and lunacy.

Thankfully the bombs are intelligent. Which means death is but a dream. I'm waiting for

the birth of the universe. All I see right now is that giant black hole sucking itself

but maybe I'll get religion someday. Please don't forget to register to vote,

and no this isn't a paid political announcement. Not yet, anyway.

~Tara Birch



Maiden Stone

I lift my lamp beside the golden door.
--Emma Lazarus

I remind you of Helen
when you enter me
like a horse and little men
spill onto the streets bent
on pillage and mass destruction,
whose name begins with Al Quaeda,
Bin Laden, Don Nero, Herr Hitler until
history repeats itself.

You enter me like New York City
with its restaurants and glitz
smoky streets promising jazz
midnight cafes and open bars

eat at my tables, then
sleep with my wives and make friends
with their husbands, all the while
your beard and speech full of belch,
you whore of Babylon.

Where was Paris then, my red thorn,
my furnace, my roar, my loyal hounds
when faith on its knees,
was bruised and torn?

When you entered me
like a Statesman without enquiry,
without knocking, your Allahs
confused with graffiti
and the grime of industry

I could have huffed and puffed
and blown off your doors;
blown up your houses, your kids.

Instead, I prayed
for clean rain and forgiveness
that your children might know
the taste of clemency—not mud,
god forbid.

~Mia

Photo
Getty-Images

Wash Night

Our metal washpot hung
on a hook in the shed,
one smooth shiny mountain
to a climbing spider
casting a string
of white-haired web,
under a roof
of rippled tin.

Saturday nights filled it
with Nantahala river water
and we shivered wet
with mica-mine suds,
dulled with dirt
and a week's sweat,
as we splashed in front of
the cast-iron stove.

~Sarah Wilson



Photo
Getty-Images

Desire

I expect I'll want a man like you, again.
There's a point in the future, I'll have you

roll up the sleeves of your tight cotton tee,
pinch the muscle there— as if to prove

there's no dream. Your stomach, the skin
under your chin and your feet on the ground

will be firm and this will verify that I'm worn;
my muscles deflated, my bones sucked

hollow, my skin contracted into creases;
each crease, a long story. I'll know many dead

people by then, probably my friends;
they'll have dropped off in the middle

of an email. I won't get a "Return To Sender –
Recipient Deceased", I'll just know. At that age

I'll presume death. It will be this conviction
that will bring me to you; not the sex, but that too.

You'll be shiny and new, your pieces guaranteed
to work. You won't creak when I ask you to walk

towards me and sit. You won't hurt
in the morning. And when you take off your clothes

you won't look like death. And
it will all be a little like forgetting.

~Kathryn Koromilas

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